

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, AUGUST 3, 1902.

WHERE THE WAVES ARE DASHED INTO FOAM ON THE BEACH



She Is Just Pretending.

Now Reigns Ye
Summer Sun and All
Ye People Flee.

—Old English Chronicle.



No Spot Along the Whole Atlantic Coast But Holds Its Quota of People From the Capital of the Nation, They Go to "Rest," But Work Hard In Keeping Up With the Amusements and Pleasures of the Surf-Beaten Shores at the Summer Resorts Along the Briny Deep.



On the Beach at Ocean City, Md.

or merry-go-round. This latter amusement, in the eyes of the boys and girls, and the majority of the young men and women as well, is one of the greatest attractions of the seaside resort, vying strongly with even the ever-popular bathing. And it is in nowise an uncommon sight to see a dignified man or woman perched on the back of one of the little wooden animals, hobbling up and down as they whirl around on the carousel. Within the ring formed by the revolving platform stands the huge orchestra, grinding out gay tunes with a shrill blast of horns, and a deep pounding of drums. Around the outer edge of the platform stand the young men and boys, who find their principal enjoyment in catching the little iron rings in the long arm that protrudes out toward the horses. Although there is usually a brass ring in the slot, which entitles the person who catches it to another ride free, the principal pleasure of the young people is in seeing how many rings they can catch at one clip. Experts in this line can grasp no less than five, using both hands in the process. By a swift maneuver they can catch two rings on different fingers of their left hand, and three more can be captured on as many fingers of the right.

The Realm of the Barker.

The side of the boardwalk opposite the water is lined with innumerable little shops and amusement halls. In front of each of these places stands that typical American type known as "the Barker." In a loud voice he admonishes passers-by to enter and behold the wonders of the place. In this class of attractions is to be found everything from the moving picture exhibit and fortune teller, to the bearded lady and "only living captive Prince of Wales." Every few doors apart are gaudily painted candy booths, where "salt water taffy" and similar morsels of particular interest to the person with the sweet tooth may be purchased at a nominal cost.

On the Cosmopolitan Beach.

But it is on the beach at Atlantic City that the crowds are the most cosmopolitan in their make-up, and the most amusing scenes and incidents of the City by the Sea are encountered. On a hot day, particularly late in the morning and all during the afternoon, the dense crowds of bathers who throng the broad expanse of soft, fine sand form one of the most striking and interesting scenes to be found anywhere in the world. It is a picture that is purely American and characteristic of the republican form of government of the United States. Sitting or lying in the hot sand near the water's edge, clad in an ordinary striped bathing suit, may be seen the monarch of finance, the millionaire of the Western world. He either rests comfortably and takes the world as it goes, or digs little holes and piles up the sand in cones and pyramids with his hands and feet.

Directly beside him is playing a dirty-faced little urchin or girl from the back streets of the famous summer resort, kicking the sand in clouds over his or her companions and the financial king as well.

A little further on is a family group, fresh from Philadelphia's Ghetto. They have come down to spend the day by the sea, and get a real taste of salt water bathing. Then, too, this bathing expedition may, as is frequently the case,



"I'm Just as Young as I Used to Be."

mean a general family wash, they possessing no bath tub at home.

The Predominating Feature.

Predominating, of course, is the dainty summer girl, with tanned complexion, and a bathing suit of the latest and most exquisite design. This fair maiden is the ruling attraction at the beach, and never fails to have a coterie of admirers following her at every step she takes. She wades timidly in the shallow water, if she is afraid to venture out into the breakers, or she sits comfortably on the sand, content at being surrounded with a flock of ardent admirers, with whom her will is law.

Others walk boldly out into the thundering surf, and are tumbled from their feet by the impact of the breakers. There are even a large number of girls who wear suits of exquisite design and texture, and who would no more think of venturing into the water in them than in their evening gowns.

Wherever one goes in Atlantic City and its kindred resorts—on the beach, on the boardwalk, in the merry-go-round, or other places of amusement, he is sure to encounter a goodly number of Washingtonians. They are ever in evidence, and under all circumstances evince the happy faculty of making themselves perfectly at home.



A Merry Party on the

Beach at Cape May

MIDSUMMER now holds the nation in its thrall and the arid streets and torrid homes of the inland and Southern cities are pouring forth their population upon the mountain, shore, and lake.

Washington, no less than other populous centers of the country, envious and carping critics will say more, finds Old Sol and General Humidity convincing it that discretion is the better part of valor, and hence there is a confused flight of a routed army of sweltering humanity to the regions of cool winds and refreshing waves.

Are to Be Found Everywhere.

It has often been said that the person who walks down Broadway, in New York city, is sure to meet all the people he ever knew. But of late this famous thoroughfare of the metropolis has come to have a rival in this respect, or rather a series of them, in the seaside resorts that dot the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida.

Particularly have these beach resorts become the mecca of the residents of the National Capital. The Washingtonian no longer has to go to New York to meet his friends. He may simply stroll down the big boardwalk at Atlantic City, and he will, without seeking to do so, run across all the Washingtonians he ever knew, and a lot more that he didn't know before. And the same is true to a great extent of every resort along the Atlantic Coast.

The people of the National Capital appear to have lost much of their former

fondness for the mountains and quiet country places. Perhaps that great American trait which the European describes as the "national failing," that inborn love of excitement and bustle and activity, is cropping out a little more pronouncedly of late. At any rate, it is a certainty that more Washingtonians are spending their summer outing at the seashore this year than ever before. Aside from the attraction offered by the sea bathing and salt air breezes, these resorts in nearly every instance offer unlimited excitement and amusements of most every form ever devised by man—besides a lot more for which the credit is certainly due to Old Nick himself or some of his traveling agents.

Something New Under the Sun.

There is an old proverb to the effect that "there is nothing new under the sun." Perhaps if the fellow who is responsible for that line could come out of his grave for an hour or so and just take a quiet little stroll around Coney Island or Atlantic City, he would be willing to crawl back into his hole and admit that he didn't quite comprehend what he was talking about.

There are devices by the score in these seaside retreats of which this philosopher, nor his grandfather before him, or his grandsons after him, ever heard or dreamed. There is every sort of contrivance to catch the money of the cu-

rious man, woman, or child—from half a dollar down to one penny. There are the "flying horses," scenic railways, moving picture exhibits, fortune tellers, fakirs, and scores of other catch-penny devices and forms of amusement which are more or less beguiling to the person bent solely upon having a good time. Many of these attractions depend upon the gullibility of patrons for their maintenance. But those imposed upon in this manner don't seem to mind in the least. They take a philosophical view of everything, considering themselves to be "on pleasure bent," and thus eligible to be taken in.

Go to "Rest Up."

A good many Washingtonians go to the seashore to "rest up," as they are pleased to term the avowed purpose of their seashore outing. As to whether they carry out their expressed intention in the matter of securing a rest is merely an individual matter. As a rule they go through more exertion daily, and take in (or are taken in by) more amusements than they ever thought about in a month at home. Few persons who go to the seashore for the purpose of "resting up" ever succeed in doing so.

It would be next to impossible to name a single resort along the Atlantic Coast, from Maine to Florida, that does not have its sprinkling of Washingtonians just at this season of the year. While the majority of them congregate in the places where there are various forms of amusements, and where there is plenty of "life," the folk of the Capital City are to be found in every out-of-the-way place along the

Washington's Coney Island.

What Coney Island is to the true New Yorker, Atlantic City is to the Washingtonian. Although the residents of the Capital City patronize the former resort extensively, also, it is to the City by the Sea that they turn their footsteps in the largest numbers when in search of an outing at the seashore. Cape May, Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, Ocean City, and numerous other places along the coast of New Jersey also come in for a large share of popularity, however. In this class of resorts may be mentioned such well-known places as Bar Harbor and Old Orchard Beach, along the Maine coast as well.

But in Atlantic City, the average Washingtonian finds the charm and attractiveness of all the others blended. There is a fine beach which offers unsurpassed bathing facilities; a boardwalk which is the Champs Elysees of America in the hot months of summer, amusements for the most spirited pleasure seeker, abundant churches, or the strongly religious, and palatial hotels and cottages. One need never be at a loss for diversion of any and every sort here.

Souza on the Pier.

John Philip Souza and his world-famous band give delightful concerts nightly on the magnificent steel pier which juts out above the long, green swell of the ocean for nearly half a mile. These concerts, of themselves, draw thousands of persons to the beach. Ever popular with the citizens of the National Capital, Mr. Souza is never at a loss to secure an audience of generous proportions where there are many Washingtonians.

On the "Flying Horses."

To the younger element at the beach, perhaps the greatest sport is afforded on the beach, and at the "flying horses,"